

The Argotist Online

[Home](#) [Articles](#) [Interviews](#) [Poetry](#) [Submissions](#) [Links](#)

ADAM FIELED

Adam Fieled is a poet, critic, and musician. He has released four albums: two spoken-word albums and two collections of original songs. A new album of original songs is underway. He is currently in the PhD department at Temple University in Philadelphia.

CAFÉ

napkin-neat café decomposition

poster-plastered walls represent fresh being
repetitious modes of sensual self-sacrifice

not recoverable by any stub-cottony means
lightning track-lighting long-swallow lit-smoke

my grey-guts spattered on a table

unstructured strength it could be, cherry-red cowardice
parallel shadows unplaced by any given

finally flight is taken from time's impossibility
for solid substance, death's lettuce-deluge

self-naming can't be where this winds up

SONG FOR MARIA

My scarlet letter let you in
We rallied on our separate beds
The way to blue was flushed w/ ice
Your tongue possesses everything—

(lighten my,
watch my,
blow my)

In any case the case is closed
We walk the streets, a trackless train
My verdant prayer is yr own skin
I can't believe I'm free again—

Relax—

Ice yr. drink—

Think—

Pursue a purpose lost in flame
Become the scum you dote on, crab
The sky, the ground, the square you are
The realm of flesh is one long purge—

Mercy mercy mercy
Mercy mercy

The Argotist Online

[Home](#) [Articles](#) [Interviews](#) [Features](#) [Poetry](#) [Ebooks](#) [Submissions](#) [Links](#)

ADAM FIELED

Adam Fielded is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books include *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010), *Mother Earth* (Argotist E-Books, 2011), and *Cheltenham* (Blazevox, 2012). His latest chapbook is *Cheltenham Elegies/Keats Odal Cycle* (Gyan Books, 2015). He has work in *Otoliths*, *Tears in the Fence*, *Jacket Magazine*, *fourW*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Great Works*, *Nth Position*, *Helios Mss*, *Penned in the Margins*, *PennSound*, and in the & Now Awards Anthology from Lake Forest College Press. A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College, and an MA from Temple University.

From *Apparition Poems*:

#1327

She said, you want Sister
Lovers, you son of a bitch,
pouted on a beige couch in
Plastic City, I said, I want
Sister Lovers, but I'm not
a son of a bitch, and I can
prove it (I drooled slightly),
took it out and we made
such spectacular love that
the couch turned blue from
our intensity, but I had to
wear a mask because I'd
been warned that this girl
was, herself, a son of a bitch—

#1328

The girl on the trolley
had pitch black hair,
eyes to match, I got
her vibes instantly—
so, what do we
want to do? Do
we want to do
this? Is it OK?
took her back here
took her clothes off
took her not gently
I'll never take the 34 again—

#1326

Before the sun rises,
streets in Philly have
this sheen, different
than at midnight, as
the nascent day holds
back its presence, but
makes itself felt in air
like breathable crystal—
no one can tell me
I'm not living my
life to the full.

OLD MAIN

The brave-hearted poetics of sex—
possessed, possessive of impulses
to fling one's self into another,
then fling one's self into a world
in which things turn into, become,
other things— the first thing I
think of is State College, the dim
recollection of screwing Jennifer
on the Old Main lawn, dusk of

a long day in May— where I was
was where I wasn't, as Jennifer
also was, wasn't, chiaroscuro comes
into us in the idea of durations— I
had no idea, in sex & metaphor, who could die.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

I could've used you in New
Hampshire that summer, rope-
swinging into Contoocook River,
dope-huffing out in the fields
with Jon Anderson, his gang,
your future rival (unbeknownst
to all) tapping her feet in anticipation
of new reasons to mope, make
metaphor. I could've understood
why it might be that your rival
could never be your friend—
too tense about counting her fingers,
toes, too loose on the juice, or
(cruelly, for all) maybe just right, simpatico?

OVER-PRESENCES

Sun glistens on the Schuylkill's surface—
over-presences fill the space between
the river and my third story window.
The grass, the shrubs are sanctified,
even the concrete walkways look
as though touched by the reality of
deep water, its boundlessness, heft.
Over-presences, untouched by the
underbelly of human reality, subsist,
exist simultaneously, there, not there,
self, no-self, and if I get there myself,
occasionally, it is because I see your
reflection there, your individual life.
Time takes the halves, makes them whole.

copyright © Adam Fieled